

Why I should yeeld to thee?

*Clot.* Thou Villaine base,  
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

*Gni.* No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:

Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,  
Which (as it seemes) make thee.

*Clot.* Thou precious Varlet,

My Taylor made them not.

*Gni.* Hence then, and thanke

The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,  
I am loath to beate thee.

*Clot.* Thou iniurious Theefe,

Heare but my name, and tremble.

*Gni.* What's thy name?

*Clot.* Cloten, thou Villaine.

*Gni.* Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,

'T would moue me sooner.

*Clot.* To thy further feare,

Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know

I am Sonne to th' Queene.

*Gni.* I am sorry for't: not seeming

So worthy as thy Birth.

*Clot.* Art not asfear'd?

*Gni.* Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:

At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

*Clot.* Dye the death:

When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,

Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:

And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:

Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*

*Enter Belarius and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* No Companie's abroad?

*Arui.* None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,

But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour

Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,

And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute

'T was very Cloten.

*Arui.* In this place we left them;

I wish my Brother make good time with him,

You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made vp,

I meane to man; he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement

Is oft the cause of Feare.

*Enter Guiderius.*

But see thy Brother.

*Gni.* This Cloten was a Foole, an empty purse,

There was no money in't: Not Hercules

Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:

Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne

My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gni.* I am perfect what: cut off one Clotens head,

Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)

Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore

With his owne single hand hee'd take vs in,

Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow

And set them on *Luds-Towne*.

*Bel.* We are all vndone.

*Gni.* Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,

But that he swore to take, our Liues? the Law

Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,

To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?

Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do feare the Law. What company  
Discouer you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason

He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor

Was nothing but mutation, I, and that

From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,

Nor absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd

To bring him heere alone: although perhaps

It may be heard at Court, that such as wee

Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time

May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,

(As it is like him) might breake out, and (swear

Hee'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable

To come alone, either he so vndertaking,

Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,

If we do feare this Body hath a taile

More perillous then the head.

*Arui.* Let Ord'nance

Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,

My Brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy *Fidels* sicknesse

Did make my way long forth.

*Gni.* With his owne Sword,

Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane

His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke

Behinde our Rocks, and let it to the Sea,

And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, Cloten,

Tha's all I reake. *Exit.*

*Bel.* I feare 'twill be reueng'd:

Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour

Becomes thee well enough.

*Arui.* Would I had done't:

So the Reuenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*

I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much

Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges

That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through

And put vs to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done:

Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger

Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocks,

You and *Fidels* play the Cookes: Ile stay

Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him

To dinner presently.

*Arui.* Poore sickle *Fidels*.

Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,

I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,

And praise my selfe for charity. *Exit.*

*Bel.* Oh thou Goddesse,

Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon't

In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle

As Zephires blowing below the Violet,

Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough

(Their Royall blood enchain'd) as the rud'st winde,

That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,

And make him stoop to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder

That an insensible instinct should frame them

To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntrought,

Ciuility not seene from other: valour

That wildly grows in them, but yeelds a crop

As if it had bene sow'd: yet still it's strange

What Clotens being heere to vs portends,

Or what his death will bring vs.

*Enter Guiderius.*

*Gni.* Where's my Brother?

I haue sent *Cloten* Clot-pole downe the streame,

In Embasie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage

For his returne. *Solemn Musick.*

*Bel.* My ingenious Instrument,

(*Hearke Polidore*) it sounds: but what occasion

Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? *Hearke.*

*Gni.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence euen now.

*Gni.* What does he meane?

Since death of my deer'st Mother

It did not speake before. All solemne things

Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?

Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,

Isollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.

Is *Cadwal* mad?

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing*

*her in his Armes.*

*Bel.* Looke, heere he comes,

And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,

Of what we blame him for.

*Arui.* The Bird is dead

That we haue made so much on. I had rather

Haue skipt from sixteen years of Age, to sixty:

To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,

Then haue seene this.

*Gni.* Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:

My Brother wears thee not the one halfe so well,

As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

*Bel.* Oh Melancholly,

Who euer yet could sound thy bottome? Finde

The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care

Might'st easiely harbour in. Thou blessed thing,

Ioue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,

Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.

How found you him?

*Arui.* Starke, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,

Not as death's dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke

Reposing on a Cushion.

*Gni.* Where?

*Arui.* O th' floore:

His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put

My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse

Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gni.* Why, he but sleepe:

If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:

With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,

And Wormes will not come to thee.

*Arui.* With fayrest Flowers

Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I lue heere, *Fidels*,

Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke

The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor

The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor

The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,

Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke wold

With Charitable bill (Oh bill fore shaming,

Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye

Without a Monument) bring thee all this,

Yea, and furr'd Mosses besides. When Flowres are none

To winter-ground thy Coarse—

*Gni.* Prythee haue done,

And do not play in Wench-like words with that

Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,

And not protract with admiration, what

Is now due debt. To th' graue.

*Arui.* Say, where shall's lay him?

*Gni.* By good *Emphile*, our Mother.

*Arui.* Bee't so:

And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces

Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to th' ground

As once to our Mother: vse like note, and words,

Saue that *Emphile*, must be *Fidels*.

*Gni.* *Cadwal*,

I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;

For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse

Then Priests, and Phanates that lye.

*Arui.* Wee'l speake it then.

*Bel.* Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For *Cloten*

Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,

And though he came our Enemy, remember

He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting

Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence

(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction

Of place 'twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,

And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,

Yet bury him, as a Prince.

*Gni.* Pray you fetch him hither,

Ther's body is as good as *Ajax*,

When neyther are aliue.

*Arui.* If you'l go fetch him,

Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

*Gni.* Nay *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th' East,

My Father hath a reason for't.

*Arui.* 'Tis true.

*Gni.* Come on then, and remoue him,

*Arui.* So, begin.

## SONG.

*Guid.* Feare no more the heate o' th' Sun,

Nor the furions Winters rages,

Thou thy worldly task hast don,

Home art gon, and tane thy wages;

Golden Lads, and Girles all must,

As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

*Arui.* Feare no more the frowne o' th' Great,

Thou art past the Tyrants stroke,

Care no more to cloath and eate,

To thee the Reede is as the Oake:

The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,

All follow this and come to dust.

*Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash,

*Arui.* Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone.

*Gui.* Feare not Slander, Censure rash,

*Arui.* Thou hast finish'd Joy and mone.

Both. All Louers young, all Louers must,

Consigne to thee and come to dust.

*Guid.* No Exorcisor harme thee,

*Arui.* Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

*Guid.* Ghost vnlaide forbear thee.

*Arui.* Nothing ill come neere thee.

Both. Quiet consumption haue,

And renowned be thy graue.

*Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.*

*Gni.* We haue done our obsequies: